

It isn't so. It isn't so. My little sister died only a month ago and since then my mother hadn't been able to stay in the old flat. She thought it was haunted. She died—honest. If she saw a ribbon or a little shoe, or anything, she'd break down and cry. Everything brought back bits to her mind.

"What could you do?" We had to move away. We had to get her away from there. It was killing her. So we moved out to live with my aunt in East New York. That was why we did it. But they say that it was because we thought Nathan would be accused of the murder. If they think Nathan did it, why don't they and him? I wish they would. He could tell them; maybe, they'd be satisfied then.

WOULD TELL IF SHE KNEW WHERE HE IS HIDING.

"Did you say you would be glad to give him up if you knew where he was?" she was asked.

"No, I didn't," she answered. Then she paused. "Well, I didn't say I would give him up," she went on, "but if I knew where he could be found, I'd tell you. I'm as anxious as you are—we all are—to clear things up. I don't hope my brother will be found, and killed. I'm human. I may not love him, but still I don't hate him. You can't help feeling that way about your family. After all, he's my brother. But every time I think of that poor little Julia Connors—the shoulder—everytime I think of her, I hope the man who did it will be caught. I feel just as badly about it as if she was my own sister."

"Did you tell your employer, Mr. Blain, that two of your sisters on the night of the murder looked across the airshaft into the bathroom of the vacant apartment in which Julia Connors was murdered and saw your brother walking about with a little girl in his arms?"

"Oh, I never did," Miss Schwartz protested. "I never did. How can people tell such lies! The first I heard of the murder was after I got home Sunday afternoon. I had been away since before the Fourth. There wasn't anybody in when I got home, and I went out into the park to find my mother. You see, since Rita died my mother wouldn't stay in the flat any more than she could help."

YOUNG MAN TELLS HER OF KILLING.

"On my way to the park I met a young man I knew, and he says to me, 'Hello, Lilly, did you hear about the murder?' And he went ahead and told me about it, and I was shocked. That was the first I heard about it."

"But you saw your sisters later, didn't you?" she was asked.

"Of course, I did," she answered.

"But why do you ask me so many questions? They all ask me so many questions, and I can't help denying myself. It isn't fair."

"She would not say any more, except to reiterate that she had never said that her sisters had actually seen their brother carrying the Connors child in his arms about the 'murder flat.' It was evident that she was distrustful and nervous. When she was asked about a question she was said to have used to a girl friend 'it would disgrace our whole family if one of us was accused of murdering Julia Connors'—she almost wept."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "I never said any such thing. I never said—that is, I only said it in a general way. I—I was—I was—oh, you know the way you talk, sometimes, general-like. I—I was—"

"And she broke off."

"Then there was the picture of yourself you asked your chum for the other day?" the reporter asked. "You told her that you were afraid somebody might get hold of it, didn't you?"

"That's another lie," the little stenographer asserted, vehemently. "Miss Jarminsky is my best friend, and she had a picture of me, on glass, the best one I ever had taken. My mother often asked me for it, and when we moved out to East New York, I took it with me. I brought it up to the Bronx again soon, so I asked Ray if she would give it back to me. My mother wanted it. That was all. It was just that my mother wanted it, and she was feeling so bad on account of my little sister Rita. I thought it would comfort her."

ADmits OTHER REASONS FOR MOVING.

"You said you family had decided to move last Thursday simply because your mother could not stand the memory of your little sister," the reporter continued. "Are you sure that was your only reason?"

"Well, yes, there were others," Miss Schwartz admitted, after a moment's reflection. "Family differences, but only the kind you find in every family."

"And that was all?"

"She was half hysterical again by this time, and trembling with emotion."

"Oh, why do you question me and question me today that the various all have done that, and then they all make you say things you never meant to say. I can't bear to think of it. It's horrible. Why don't you go and find the man who did it? He can tell you. Find him. I'd tell you where my brother was, if I knew. But I don't know."

"Did you care for your brother? Were you family fond of him?"

"I told you that already," she replied excitedly. "I told you before. I—I—You can't hate your brother, even if you don't love him. You can't, can you? I—I—He's my brother, isn't he?"

"She stopped, and her lips quivered pathetically."

"It's bad enough for the rest of us," she resumed, at last. "We're sinking under the shame. If you want to know any more, you'll have to find Nathan and ask him. I told you I'd tell you where to find him if I knew. And I would—even if I was sure he did it."

POLICE NET IS SET IN TWO STATES.

The police net has been cast for Nathan Schwartz in every borough of Greater New York and spread through the entire State of New Jersey.

Though marked and tagged by the Prison Parole Board from whom he was to have obtained a pardon on July 5, as a convict paroled from Hart's Island, where he spent eighteen months as punishment for abusing a fourteen-year-old girl, a score of detectives have failed to obtain any trace of his movements since he vanished on the day of the crime from the flat adjoining the home of the Connors murder.

While the police have had the Schwartz clue for several days and were running it down with great thoroughness, Inspector Hughes and his

Central Office men did not show any signs of activity until last night when several of the most expert man-hunters in the department were suddenly sent over to New Jersey, where, it is said, young Schwartz was reported to be in hiding.

SISTER INQUIRED AS TO RESPONSIBILITY OF RELATIVES.

That members of the Schwartz family had cause to fear Nathan had committed the fiendish crime was reported from several sources to-day. Lillian, the eighteen-year-old sister and the brightest of the Schwartz children, is alleged to have asked last Monday—only twenty-four hours after the finding of the tortured and dying girl in the vacant flat adjoining the flathouse in which the Schwartzes then dwelt—of a murder committed by one member of a family could be visited upon the heads of the murderer's kin.

This question was addressed to Miss Sarah Janick, who is employed in the hairdressing establishment of the Misses Jeannette and Jermanski on Webster avenue, the Bronx. Lillian Schwartz was employed in this place for more than a year, and while working there studied stenography. She became an intimate friend of Sarah Janick.

"Lillian came to me last Monday morning," said Miss Janick to-day. "I seemed to be really worried. She said the building in which she had been employed had burned and that temporarily she was out of work. I asked her if that was what worried her. She shook her head and then said suddenly:

"Sarah, if there was a murder in the family, would they do anything to the members of the family? Miss Jeannette had come in and heard the question. We didn't know what to make of it."

"She repeated the question. Then Miss Jeannette said, 'Why of course not, Lillian. Only the one who commits a murder is punished.'"

"But it would be a terrible disgrace to the family, wouldn't it?" Lillian said, and Miss Jeannette and I agreed with her. Nothing was said at the time of the Connors murder, for none of us in the shop had then read of it in the newspapers. While we had heard about it in a vague way we didn't know any of the particulars. Before she left the shop Lillian Schwartz asked Miss Jarminsky to give back a photograph of her (Lillian) that she had given to Miss Jarminsky while she worked here."

"That would seem people looking for that photograph and I don't want them to have it."

"Miss Jarminsky gave her the photograph and she went away."

Lillian Schwartz, with her thirteen-year-old sister, Mary, her invalid brother, Philip, fifteen years old, and the mother, who at the home of Mrs. Nathan Ornstein at No. 822 Cleveland street, East New York, where they moved to last Thursday after they suddenly broke up their home in the flat across the airshaft from the vacant rooms in which the Connors child was slain. Samuel Schwartz, the father of the family, is boarding with friends somewhere in this borough and with him are his sons, Newman, nineteen, and Maurice, twenty-nine. Jacob, another son, lives on East Tenth street. Jacob has been out of touch with the family for more than a year. Mrs. Francis Alexander, another daughter, who had been living with her parents at No. 37 Third avenue, with her husband and one child to another neighborhood remote from the scene of the crime.

The police were so tardy in picking up the Schwartz lead that the family had scattered three ways practically before the inquiry began and it was not until today that the various members were located to be kept in view in case the vanished Nathan should attempt to communicate with them.

All that the mother of the hunted youth would add to-day to the non-committal statements made to detectives before she moved, was that she had not seen Nathan since the time he was surrounded by the so-called "murder flat" a week ago this morning, or about twelve hours before the little Connors girl was lured to her death.

MOTHER OF THE YOUTH SAYS SHE PUT HIM OUT.

She said to an Evening World reporter when seen in the East New York home of her sister, Mrs. Ornstein: "Nathan would not work, so we put him out. It was hard enough for us to get along without having any help to support." This was said through an interpreter, and the mother refused to say any more.

Lillian Schwartz has been employed by Blain Bros. almost a year. One of the members of the firm was quoted to-day as saying Lillian had told him that two of Nathan's sisters had looked out from their bathroom window last Saturday night and saw their brother, Nathan, through the opposite bathroom window across the airshaft.

They saw him, the sister is alleged to have confessed, in the vacant flat where Julia Connors is believed to have been tortured with a knife and then stuffed in a packing box to be taken out into the nearby vacant lot to die.

Nathan Schwartz was found guilty on July 4, 1910, of an attack upon a little girl named Edna Alexander, and for this crime was committed to Hart's Island. Through this affair the police had obtained considerable information concerning the young man and his family.

At the time of his attack on the Alexander girl Nathan Schwartz was employed by Dr. George G. Weinstein, a dentist, now at No. 57 West One Hundred and Eleventh street. It was at Dr. Weinstein's office, then at No. 3 West One Hundred and Eleventh street, that the offense against Miss Alexander was committed. She lived a short distance across the corner on Lenox avenue.

ONE BROTHER A LIFESAVER AND ATHLETE.

The Schwartz family has been looked after by two elder sons, both highly respectable. Maurice is for many years a tailor's cutting concern on West Twenty-fifth street, and Jacob is a lifesaver and athlete. Last year these two sent their mother and younger brothers and sisters to Woodbine, a farming colony near Philadelphia, but rural life was so unlike the family's liking and they all returned, against the wishes of the two brothers, who were footing the bills.

Morris then obtained employment for

Nathan in the cutting shop of which he is foreman. The younger brother worked there until about two weeks ago, when he was laid off on account of the summer reduction of work.

Nathan Schwartz is regarded by those who know him as talented and cunning. He is a clever, quick-witted, and somewhat of a schemer. He is a natural mechanic. He is a great admirer of prize fighters and particularly of Leech Cross. Cross is an assumed name, adopted by the fighter so that his adventures in the ring would not militate against success in his profession of dentist. Cross is a friend of Dr. Weinstein and it was through Dr. Weinstein that Nathan Schwartz met the dentist-pugilist.

POLICE STORY OF YOUNG MAN'S CUNNING.

As an illustration of Nathan Schwartz's cunning the police tell of an incident that occurred a couple of days after his attack on Miss Alexander. He was hiding and the police were unable to get a trace of him. Disguising his voice, the young man telephoned to Dr. Weinstein, said that he was a detective and obtained complete details of all the evidence against him that the detectives had, as well as their plans to capture him.

Miss Alexander's family moved some time ago from their Lenox avenue address to No. 41 Convent avenue. She is a daughter of Mrs. Samuel Strauss. Mrs. Strauss, her husband and children, are camping at an up-State resort, and their furniture is in storage in New York.

Edna Alexander has married since she was attacked by Nathan Schwartz, three years ago, and her family is exceedingly anxious to keep her name out of the present police interest in the Schwartz case.

That Schwartz was wanted by the police has been known in the neighborhood since about 6 o'clock Monday afternoon, when a uniformed officer came to Capt. Price the information that Schwartz had been seen around his father's flat as late as 4 o'clock the previous Saturday. The failure of Schwartz to avail himself of the opportunity to come forward with an alibi was exclusively told in The Evening World last night.

FAMILY SUDDENLY STORES GOODS AND SCATTERS.

To further complicate matters Samuel Schwartz, once a public school janitor, and father of the missing Nathan, together with Nathan's mother, three daughters, Lilly, Mary, Anna, and a son, Philip, who was graduated last year from the same school little Julia Connors attended; Henry Alexander, a young lawyer, and his wife, Frances, another daughter of Schwartz, and their child, Helen, without any warning to the police, closed up their flat and scattered.

The furniture of the flat, although their rent is paid for nearly a month ahead, was placed in a moving van and is now stored at Walter's Storage Warehouse, Tremont and Park avenues, Bronx. The elder Mrs. Schwartz and two of her daughters have been traced to No. 66 Cleveland avenue, Brooklyn, while Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and their little child were located in a building on Ninety-sixth street near Lexington avenue. The whereabouts of the other members of the family is also known to the police.

In an Evening World reporter who called on the Schwartz family last Tuesday and spent fifteen minutes in their flat, there being evidence upon all sides of a contemplated departure, non-law Alexander said:

"None of our family heard the slightest noise in the flat across from us Saturday night. My sister-in-law Lilly was not here, but the rest of the family were all in, and I should say they retired about midnight. We sleep in the front of our flat, and as the crime was committed in the rear of the other flat we heard nothing."

Not a word was said by Alexander concerning his brother-in-law, Nathan Schwartz. His name was not mentioned until the very time the flat was surrounded by the police. Captain Reppete, Clark, McKenna, Casassa, Budemeyer, Motile, Flynn, McCarthy, Deglio, Quick, Wickman, Young, Barry and Conway, working in six-hour shifts, with Capt. Price less than a block off directing the whole proceedings. It was the hope of the police that Nathan Schwartz would call back home before the furniture was moved. He did not.

POLICE PLANS TO SURPRISE NATHAN FRUSTRATED.

On Thursday afternoon, when backed up in front of No. 369 Third avenue, and while the detectives divided themselves into groups, trailing various members of the Schwartz family, Lieut. Winke, chief aide to Capt. Price, induced a doorman of a newspaper to enter the cellar of No. 368 Third avenue, where he exhibited a hole in the floor, and disconcerted upon the possibility of an attempt having been made to escape, the police were alerted.

When the newspaper men emerged again into Third avenue there was not a Schwartz on the block. The reporters now understood why they were asked by Capt. Price to keep a watch on the Schwartz family away from the locality on Tuesday last.

The questioning of members of the Schwartz family by amateur sleuths interfered with the surprise plans of the police, and up to the present time Nathan Schwartz has not availed himself of the chance to let Capt. Price know where he was Saturday night and early Sunday morning.

Here is a description of the missing Nathan Schwartz which has been going the police rounds since Monday last, having been drawn up about the time Florence Moiz, the youthful "identical" confederate to hoodwinking the police, twenty-three years old, five feet five and three-quarter inches in height, weight 140 pounds, dark complexion, sailow and slightly marked, dark hair, wavy, muscular, and walks erect."

Before living in the flat on Lenox avenue, the Schwartz family occupied a flat at No. 344 Third avenue. At this address the janitress said one member of the family, a boy older than Nathan, is an inmate of our insane asylum. Another son, Jacob, she said, is a life-saver living in East Tenth street, while Lilly, aged seventeen, is a milliner. Schwartz, the father, after he lost his position as public school janitor, earned from \$10 to \$12 a week making caps.

One Death From Heat To-Day.

The only death by heat recorded to-day was that of No. 2929 Third avenue, thirty-six years old, a laborer, whose address could not be learned. He was prostrated while working at One Hundred and Third street and Madison avenue and was removed to Harlem Hospital, where he died.

THAW HAS SPENT \$1,000,000, STATE \$350,000 SO FAR

End May Not Be Yet, for He'll Seek Hearing Every Year Till Free.

READY WITH FORTUNE.

Present Effort for Freedom Has Cost Probably More Than \$150,000.

In a few days Justice Keogh will decide whether Harry Kendall Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, is legally insane. The hearing just concluded at White Plains was as sensational as all the preceding contests between Thaw and the State of New York. Former District-Attorney Jerome, retained by the State to fight Thaw's attempt at release from Matteawan, is certain Thaw will be adjudged insane. Thaw's mother and Attorney Shearn can see nothing but his release. Twice before has Thaw attempted to procure release from his legally insane state, and the hearing just concluded makes the fifth battle behind prison bars for the slayer of Stanford White.

The alienists have presented their bills for the trial. They amount to more than \$12,000 for a few days' attendance and the presentation of conflicting testimony. Jerome is to receive \$10,000 from the State, it is said. The witness fees, cost of court and other items will make the trial cost to the State in excess of \$30,000. What the cost is to Thaw himself no one knows; in previous trials he has always been twice the cost to the State.

Thaw has said, "I will have a trial every year until I am set free." If he gets it he will be the most expensive prisoner in the history of the world.

HAS COST NEW YORK COUNTY \$350,000.

The mass of clippings filed away on the Thaw case has reached huge proportions. About only one other person has more been printed in the newspapers of the world—Theodore Roosevelt. A recapitulation of the trials shows these facts:

It has cost New York County \$350,000 to put Thaw in Matteawan and keep him there. In his fight to get out Thaw has spent between \$50,000 and \$100,000. The true amount will never be known, because much of the expense was for secret work. Thousands of the Thaw women who could have hurt Thaw's chances when he was posing as a martyr, a Sir Galahad. Attorney Hartbridge, who afterward was tried for his actions in the Thaw case, is said to have spent \$50,000 in the Tenderloin "aguarding Harry" with women.

The first trial began Jan. 23, 1907, and lasted seventy-nine days. Court expenses were \$500 a day. The State's alienists received \$25,000. The jury was housed and fed at a cost of \$15,000 a week. Witness fees and care of witnesses cost \$5,000 more. When the jury, after forty-eight hours, returned a disagreement, the State had spent, for nothing, a trial that cost \$100,000.

Thaw had spent nearly all he possessed, he said. He had given Hartbridge \$104,000, and that attorney entered

day's race was a matter of general comment among the spectators. The presumption was he had run himself out in his tremendous effort of yesterday.

Met Shepard failed to show anything like his old time form. As soon as the race was over Braun ran up to Reidpath and shook his hand warmly. The other American runners clustered around the plucky German and shook hands with him while salutes of cheers burst from the grandstands.

AMERICANS HAVE GOOD CHANCE TO WIN DEATHLON.

Interest early in to-day's meet centered about the Deathlon, the ten-event trial of all-around fitness in track and field, when each athlete must undergo several tests and the winner is he who has the least points scored against him in the total.

Here is what every aspirant for Deathlon honors had to enter: A 100-meter flat race, running broad jump and running high jump, putting the shot with best hand, a 400-meter flat race, a 110-meter hurdle race, throwing the discus with best hand, throwing the javelin best hand, pole vault and a 1,500-meter flat race.

Points are awarded according to position in each event, the reverse value for first, second and third places obtaining of those in the other Olympic events. But in this Deathlon, as with the Pentathlon, won by Thorp, the Oklahoma Indian of Carlisle, the athlete with the lowest aggregate in the total of ten events is the victor. First place counts one, second two and third three.

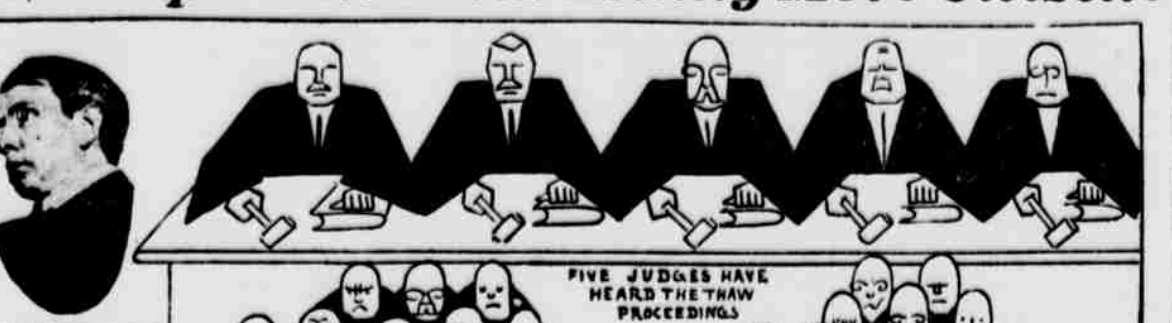
In the second event of the Deathlon to-day, the running long jump, all the representatives of the United States cleared well over five metres (19 feet 8 1/2 inches). Eugene L. Mercer, University of Pennsylvania, led the field with 6 metres 84 centimetres (21 feet 1 1/2 inches), while James Thorp, Carlisle Indian, was second with 6 metres 79 centimetres (22 feet 3 1/2 inches). The leaders in the first event, the pole vault, were Eugene L. Mercer, James Thorp, Rohn, Russia, and C. Lomborg, Sweden. The 100-meter sprint, first of the Deathlon, events, opened the ball on the eighth day of the track and field competition in the stadium to-day.

Twenty-nine athletes entered the various events and three of the American team drew winning places in their respective heats. These were Thorp of Carlisle, Eugene L. Mercer, who wears the big "P" of Pennsylvania University, and Harry S. Babcock, the Columbia lad

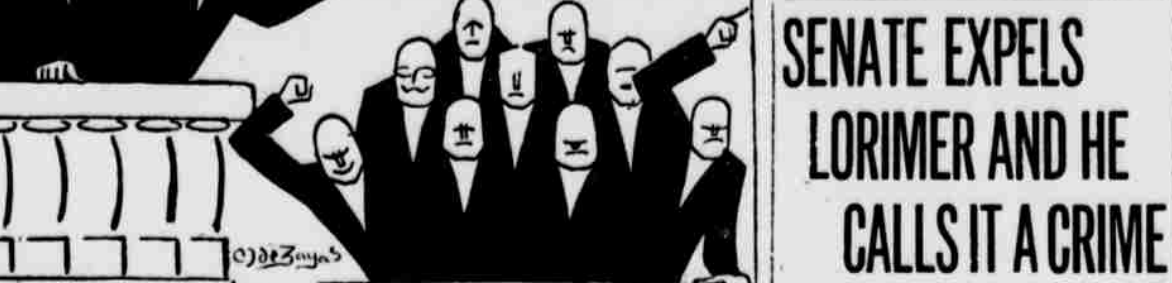
TIME IS ONE-FIFTH SECOND SHORT OF WORLD'S RECORD.

The time, 43.15, broke the Olympic record held by Hillman of America, which was 49.15 seconds, though it failed by a fifth of a second to equal the new world's record hung up by the phenomenal Meredith, yesterday, in his semi-final. That Meredith did not show among the winners in to-

Taxpayers of State Have Paid \$350,000 to Keep Thaw From Killing More Citizens



THE STATE HAS CALLED FOURTEEN ALIENISTS. THAW HAS CALLED SIXTEEN ALIENISTS.



ask nothing because of my family or because of my ideal home life. CRIES OUT HE WOULD NOT RESIGN AND TELLS WHY.

SENATE EXPELS LORIMER AND HE CALLS IT A CRIME

(Continued From First Page.)

"It has been said by Senators that the worst foe of Lorimer have not impeached his integrity. They have said that his word was as good as his bond; that he never turned on a friend; that he has been consistent, right or wrong."

"But I ask no consideration for that. When Senators are making up their minds, when they are deciding whether they will believe Lorimer or Charles A. White, all I ask is to consider in connection with a record of forty years my truth and veracity, as stated by my enemies. I ask the consideration of Senators as to whether they will believe the bribe-taker, who has lied time and again, or believe me."

"Much has been said about Lorimer resigning," he continued. "If at the beginning of this case I had believed that one man had been bribed to vote for me I would have walked in and laid my resignation on the Vice-President's table. But I know the record. I know there was not a corrupt vote cast for me."

"To resign in the face of that knowledge. In the face of that conviction? Why? Because they say the Senate has been canvassed and enough votes have been found to turn Lorimer out. Reason because they said defeat stares you in the face? Oh, what an argument! What sort of a man is it that runs in such a case?"

"And he who is so cowardly as to run because defeat stares him in the face has no place in this body. This chamber is no place for cowards. It was not built in cowardice."

"Oh, Senators, though you all vote to turn me out, though every vote has been canvassed and is against me, yet will I not resign. No, no, no, I'll not resign. If I go from this body it will be because more Senators vote for that resolution than against it."

"My exit will not be for fear, it will not be because I am a coward. It will be because of the crime of the Senate of these United States."

"I am ready," he added dramatically as he took his seat.

The ousting of Lorimer had been fully expected but it was believed his strong speech had swayed several doubtful votes. The taking of the vote was preceded by a pathetic incident.

Senator Tillman, taking the floor just before the calling of the roll began, asked permission for the clerk to read a statement he had prepared, which he himself was too weak to read. It stated his conviction that Senator Lorimer had been elected without fraud.

TILLMAN WEEPS AS HIS TRIBUTE IS READ.

"I realize now that I have but a little time before I must meet my Maker," said Senator Tillman's statement. "I cast my vote to-day secure in the conviction that the Senator from Illinois is entitled to his seat. If he is driven

from it I hope he will go back to Illinois and devote himself to that work for which he has proven himself so eloquently able, the uplifting and betterment of his fellow-men."

Senator Tillman went as his tribute to Senator Lorimer, who, being read, while the other members of the Senate found it difficult to hide their feelings at his reference to his own failing condition.

As Lorimer walked out of the Senate door into the Republican cloakroom, the Chief Clerk of the House, Jerry South, announced to the Senate the impeachment of Judge Robert W. Archbald of the Commerce Court.

Compared with the vote of March 1, 1911, when William Lorimer was held to have a valid title to his seat, today's rollcall showed the following changes: Senators Cullom of New Jersey, Watson of West Virginia and Simmons of North Carolina, who had formerly supported Lorimer, to-day against him.

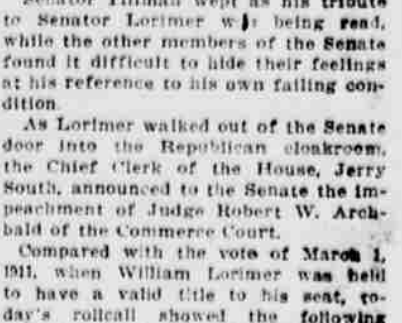
Senator Jones of Washington, who had formerly opposed him, to-day supported him.

As Senator Lorimer passed out through the cloakroom a group of Senators of Charles, who had been in the galleries, pressed forward to express their regret to him. A number of women and other admirers also shook hands with him.

At his office in the Senate office building a physician was waiting. He administered aid to the man who was thoroughly exhausted by his efforts.

To newspaper men Mr. Lorimer said he had nothing to add to what he had said on the floor of the Senate. He will not leave Washington for several days.

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Design, equipment, all manner of modern utilities and conveniences are to be found in the apartment house of to-day.

ABOUT 1,500 SUNDAY WORLD "TO LET" ADVTS. TO-MORROW

STOLMEYER (On July 11, at 730 8th ave., New York City, FREDERICK JOHN STOLMEYER, aged 42, beloved husband of Della Stolmeyer, Funeral Sunday, at 2 P. M. Interment Calvary. Arrangement by Undertaker William Necker.

MARRIED. KADANS-KADANSKY. On July 11, 1912, LOUIS KADANS of 300 Greenwich st., to FRANCES H. BRODSKY of New York.

(DIED.) STOLMEYER (On July 11, at 730 8th ave., New York City, FREDERICK JOHN STOLMEYER, aged 42, beloved husband of Della Stolmeyer, Funeral Sunday, at 2 P. M. Interment Calvary. Arrangement by Undertaker William Necker.